

New Fashions in Fine Furs

ODISH WRAPS IN MARKET FOR NEXT WINTER.

Seal, Sable and Astrakhan, Coats, Capes, Collars, Muffs and Boas, of Priceless Value.

New York, Sept. 14.—Whether the winter promises to be severe or mild makes not the slightest difference to women, who are giving a good deal of profound thought to the contents of their trunks.

By the calendar of fashion it is now full time for bringing forth from their linen swaths and mothball atmosphere the wraps of last year, that the furrier may remodel, where a modernizing touch is needed, or provide a whole wardrobe of furs anew.

Many an ambitious individual who wrought and saved all the summer months, to the end that she might clothe herself in sealskin against winter's chill, will change her mind and her purchase on learning that the price of this pelt has reached an altitude only possible to very rich women. This is because the seal is rapidly threatening to share the impressive dignity of the dodo in becoming extinct. The catch this year was very small, so wisely in consequence for seal has been deprived of much of its modish value. It promises to be a good deal used for facing the collars, cuffs, and lapels of other wraps, and when used as a garment, in what they call "full seal," that is, without any trimming, it is best made up as a coat.

SMART COATS.
The most commendable of these coats has a back cut to slope well with the figure, its tail short and almost perfectly flat and the front double-breasted, full as a reefer and sloping down at least two inches longer than the back. For such a jacket the sleeves are wide and flat and the collar cut very like that of a shirt waist, the rolling upper piece so arranged to permit of its turning high about the ears. Within prevails great beauty and novelty of lining, in the heaviest Duchess satin woven in inch broad stripes of warm seal brown and bright clear red. Occasionally black satin is used, all over brocade in little gold-colored sun horses and the sloped back of the coat is held into the figure by a narrow belt of black suede, that fastens in front with a small gold sliding buckle.

Fortunately nature smiles upon human appreciation of the subtle skin as a wrap and both the Russian and Alaskan supply in plentiful this year, though for the first sharp autumn days, only bear, that long soft dusty brown pelt, is a sufficient wrap when made up as muffs and boas.

The boas must be long to be smart, very big in circumference and brought once and a half round the neck. They leave two hanging ends of uneven length that are crossed and drawn through a rather flat muff, of conventional size, and then left to fall nearly to the skirt hem. It is said that she must be taught at a furrier's just how to arrange the muffs and boas, and if she is glib to give the wrap its best effect, how to hold the muffs high up, almost on a level with the chin and only the finger tips inside. When these hand-warmers are decorated, a pair of bear fore-paws are beautifully mounted, the cruel claws highly polished, and fastened almost like a pair of clasps, on the muffs top side.

WISE EXPENDITURES.
To get the best effect in fur this winter for the least outlay of money, an astrakhan cape collar and muffs is a solid investment. The astrakhan of wide waist and made up with a very fluted cape that juts out only to the shoulder's point, and has long, tab-like ends in front. Its collar ought to be cut to roll very high, having a sort of little box pleat at the back to give fullness, and so well wired that it will stand like a rampart well above the ears.

Under the chin cape collars made quite recently have a flaring clasp of crossed astrakhan tails and their muffs have only interlining, for stiffness sake, as the lining proper is made of selected mole skins that keep the hands delightfully warm.

COMBINING FURS.
Alas, however, for the day when the beauty and sheer of a fur was considered all-sufficient ornamentation and we wore long capes and cloaks, all wrought of one sort of pelt. Now it is thought no sacrifice to use as many as five different furs on one garment, a fashion only coming forth to those who, from their old wraps, have preserved a variety of strips and bands and are enabled to combine them into a whole cape of very doubtful beauty. Short new capes there are, either round or cut in four handkerchief points, with collars of silky lynx and the fringe of seal set in deep points of sable with a border of the same. It is also in no wise uncommon to see pretty astrakhan and Persian lamb jackets with cuffs and collars of seal and the fullness of the sleeves striped in narrow bands of the lightest brown lynx.

That, by the way, is the fur to trim gowns with this winter. It is said in London that wider than one's thumb, mounted on green brown or black velvet, a fine piping of which shows on either side of the fur strip, or in place of the velvet fur is set on the hem of skirts, the full fringes of dress waists, sleeves and hats, between two narrow lines of jet. Some of the tailors who make forecasts of fashions, on the strength of their own originality, are talking of cloth skirts which will have every front seam outlined in a cording of jet-colored fur.

Ermine has passed into that limbo where discarded modes wait for revival, and furriers straightforwardly designate as white rabbit what a few seasons back they would thrifflily have sold as a second grade of the real Arctic ermine. It is with white rabbit, a downy, snowy fur, that the long, lovely lynx opera capes are going to chiefly be lined, for the contrast



Combination of Furs.

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between the intense black and white is, for evening use, a thing approved. These capes reach only to the knees, with great baggy satin or velvet hoods falling half way down the back, and inside are long arm pockets, into which the wearer deeply thrusts her hands and gathers the wide cape skirts well about her. The excessive richness of these peltries is quite indescribable, for the huge hood is often made of violet velvet, lined with broad pink silk, or of a clear golden velvet, lined with ivory white satin.

THE GOAT IN FAVOR.
Not least on the list of furs mentioned because of its great promised popularity this year is the long, silky, wavy skin of the Siberian goat. It is used only in its natural tones of black and white, the two combined, one trimming the other, in long evening wraps and over the shoulder of plain dark street coats, small square collars of the black goat half lined with something of the effect of feather trimming. Women who are considering a very modest purchase of fur, for utility as well as beauty, will not go far wrong in having muffs and boas of this. The muffs, to be pretty, should be very big, round and barrel shaped, black of course. The boas, to possess what is best described



New Seal Coat.



Muff, Boa, and New Cape Collar

as "an air," must be at least three yards long, to draw through the muffs and show a pretty tipping of white at either end. In the same line of economy most charming evening wraps are made of soft corded white or magenta green, silk bordered inside and out with the white goat fur and a wide fluted cape collar of it falling back on the shoulders.

WHAT MAN DARE I DARE.

Bicycle Girl Outdoes a Bangle of the Opposite Sex With a Match.

From New York Sun.

An elderly man, most properly attired in silk hat and frock coat, walked up Madison avenue last night. Near the corner of Fifth street a bloomerite on a wheel pedaled up behind him, and, dismounting, touched him on the shoulder and asked him if he had a match. The elderly man had been in deep thought, and he only answered shortly: "No, I haven't got one."

"Oh, well, you needn't be so sorry about it," responded the girl, at which the elderly man turned around and saw that it was a woman he had been talking to. The vision in bloomers flustered him a bit, but he managed to get out an apology.

"I really beg your pardon," he said. "I thought you were a man."

"Indeed," replied the young woman, scornfully, "you don't say so."

"Really," insisted the man, "but I have got a match," and he handed out a silver match case.

"Thank you much," replied the girl, smiling sweetly once more. "You see, my lantern went out, and I don't care to be arrested for riding without a light."

"You're perfectly welcome," replied the man, who had been making frantic efforts to light one of the matches on the edge of the case. Failing in this, he made a violent scrape with it on the sidewalk, but only succeeded in rubbing off all of the sulphur.

Two more matches were wasted, and the man was about to begin operations on the fourth, when the girl suddenly exclaimed:

"I think I could light it, sir."

"Try it, by all means," said the old man. The young woman took the match and lighted it expeditiously, secundum artem.

With a quick movement she threw open the front of the lamp and touched the match to the wick. Slamming the front to again, she jumped on her wheel, and with a "Thank you so much, sir," was away.

The elderly man stood still for a moment. Then he showed his hat back on his head, mopped his brow with his handkerchief and muttered:

"That's certainly the most advanced woman I've seen yet."

The Modern Maid.
"I am a weary, mother dear, Embodied and o'erworn; I cannot wield a broom, I fear, Nor pull and huck the corn."

"I would jeopardize my health to make The beds or can the fruit, Or help you dust, or sew, or bake, Ere I may strength recruit."

Thus spoke the maid, gave a cough, To strengthen her appeal, Then donned her bloomers and rode off Ten miles upon her wheel.

—Richmond Dispatch.

Mills—Alas! I have been so bored—
Hills—My dear fellow, you were, unless you had to me.
Mills—How so?
Hills—You said that you were born in Philadelphia.—Exchange.

SEPTEMBER COOKING.

Some True and Tried Oyster Receipts

Not Usually Met With.

With the early days of September plump, well-flavored oysters are once more seen in the market, and the following are a few rarely excellent modes of preparing the popular bivalve for the table:

Oyster blisque is delicious. One pint of chicken or veal stock (the liquor in which chickens have been boiled is excellent for this purpose); one pint of oysters, one cup of milk, two eggs, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, one heaping cup of bread crumbs, and one great spoonful of butter rubbed in one of flour. Strain the stock and set over the fire with the crumbs in a farina kettle. In another vessel heat the oyster liquid, and when it simmers add the oyster, chopped fine, cook all twenty minutes.

In a third vessel scald the milk, stir into this the flour, boil up sharply and pour upon the beaten eggs. Set in hot water while you turn the oysters and liquor into the kettle containing the stock and crumbs, and cook together for twenty minutes. Finally pour in milk and eggs, after which the soup must not boil, but stand in hot water three minutes. Serve promptly in a hot tureen.

PANNED OYSTERS.
For panning oysters in the following way, use patty pans, scallop plates or small deep china saucers. Cut pieces of thin toast to fill the bottom, butter them well, pour a tablespoonful of well-seasoned oyster juice upon each piece, dip the oysters in their liquor and put a double layer of them upon each piece of toast. Place a morsel of butter upon the top, put all into a baking pan, cover and set in a quick oven to bake eight or ten minutes. Serve with small bits of lemon to each pan.

A LUNCHEON DISH.
A tasty dish for lunch is made thus: Upon a very fine wire gridiron place some slices of salt pork, cut very thin; on each slice lay a good-sized oyster or two small ones; braise, and serve hot with fried parsley, coffee, crisp toast and chopped cabbage.

GRILLED OYSTERS.
To grill oysters have the griddle heated some time before using. When ready, just touch the griddle all over with butter or fat bacon tied up in a clean white rag. Lay the oysters carefully on the hot surface with a spoon and turn with a spoon. The whole secret of good grilled and pan-

ned oysters is to have them as dry as dry can be, before cooking.

DEVILED OYSTERS.
To devil oysters take fifty blanched oysters, four ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of fine cracked dust, one saltspoonful salt, one-half tablespoonful dry mustard. Rub the butter and flour to a smooth cream. Put the juice of the oysters into a saucepan. Set over a clear fire, stir in the butter and flour, and the other ingredients, with the exception of the oysters, and bring to a boil, then put in the oysters, take off the fire, let stand a minute and pour into a hot tureen and serve.

IN THE SHELL.
To devil oysters in their shells, select larger ones and when opened keep them in their deep shells with the liquor. Place the shells on a gridiron, season with cayenne pepper and salt, placing a small piece of butter on the top of each oyster. Have your fire bright, and a few minutes will suffice to cook them.

Chopped oysters and cucumbers in mayonnaise is served with fish.

Fried oysters make a garnish for baked fish. They should be fried perfectly brown on both sides and be arranged around the fish on the platter.

Oyster salad—Cut a quart of oysters into bits, mix with two-thirds as much blanched tender celery, also cut, not chopped. Put into a glass dish and pour over it a good mayonnaise dressing and serve immediately. Until the oysters and celery are mixed, keep both in a very cold place.

—LOUISE E. HOGAN.

Not What He Meant.
A story is told of a certain committee meeting in which the proceedings commenced with noise and gradually became uproarious. At last one of the dispirited, ignoring all control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent: "Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon!" "Order, order!" said the chairman gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—Household Words.

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Miss Whitney's Wedding Gifts

HAS BEEN MOTHER TO SISTER AND COMPANION TO FATHER.

Her Brothers Unite in the Finest Tiara Ever Seen, and Her Trousseau Very Costly.

When Miss Pauline Whitney marries this fall she steps from the quiet role which she has been filling into still another character. She has been a mother to her five-year-old sister Dorothy, the helpful sister of her brothers Payne and Harry, the pet of her old bachelor uncle, Millionaire Oliver Payne, and the comfort and steady companion of her father. How she will combine the duties of a wife with all these even her closest intimates wonder. Besides being so much to so many, Miss Whitney is the idol of her grandparents, head of the Paynes, of Ohio, and the director of the small finances of the family as they relate to the distribution of funds to the brothers and the adjusting of household expenses.

It is only fitting that a young woman who is so much to her family should be properly remembered with settlements on her marriage, and her friends are delighted to tell that no richer gifts than hers have ever been showered upon a bride.

AN UNCLE PRINCE.
The greatest of all is from her uncle, Oliver Payne, who has been an inmate of the Whitney family since Pauline was born. He loved Mrs. Whitney as few brothers love a sister, and the years she was in Washington he gave her \$100,000 a year, with directions to "spend it entertaining her friends." After the term was over he bought the house at Crocus Four Corners—Fifth avenue and Fifty-fourth street—and gave it to her as a birthday present.

The sum which he will give Miss Whitney upon her marriage varies according to the narrators. Some say that it will be a cool, plump \$1,000,000 clear, and others that it will be in the form of a settlement of \$50,000 yearly for life. Either way it provides well for the new little household.

The gift of the bridegroom is a matter of much speculation. Almeric Hugh Paget is a rich man. He is one of fourteen children of the well-known Paget family of England. He came here ten years ago with only a stout heart, a willing hand and a few letters of introduction. He wanted to handle real estate for English capitalists, and so well did he do it for a few that many have since employed him. To-day he has an agency of millions of dollars, and his income is well toward the twenty-five thousand point a year. His gift to his bride will be no mean one. There are to be family jewels included, and his brother, who will act as best man, who arrived on a steamer that brought the Duke of Marlborough here, was the custodian of a string of pearls and a box of priceless corals, the same that have been worn by the Paget ladies since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

HER SETTLEMENT.
Secretary Whitney has a handsome settlement for his daughters. He gives nothing to her outright, but prefers a hereditary right in the big fortune which he has made within a few years. His idea of keeping the fortune large is to keep it intact, never dividing it, and putting it in the hands of the eldest or most capable son for management.

Miss Whitney will enjoy the income of one-fourth of the Whitney fortune for life and her heirs after her forever. This is the largest hereditary settlement on record.

When Mrs. Whitney died she did not leave a great sum. Her fortune was estimated at only a million, and this she willed to her husband. It was understood at the time that he would settle the bulk of the family in the best possible way. All Mrs. Whitney's jewels and jewelry were likewise left to her husband, and these he has kept put away in vaults, waiting for his daughter's marriage or entertaining of society. They will be her marriage portion, and it is said that Mr. Whitney will present her with the family residence, which belonged to his wife. The Whitney family have lived in it and young Mrs. Paget in the house would work wonders towards restoring it to its former brilliancy.

MISS WHITNEY'S CHARACTER.
The style and manner of this girl who will have so much as singularly sweet. She has never had an easy year in her whole life, and her troubles have clustered her into the calmness and gentleness which liken women to Madonna. Her advent into society was singularly sad. Stricken by a disease that must prove fatal soon, Mrs. Whitney buoyed herself up for the "sacred duty" of presenting her daughter to society. Miss Pauline was called home from her French convent and hurried into her debutante gown. Then, wondering, frightened, fearing, white as a plucked snow blossom and sorrowing for her mother, she went through the ordeal of meeting New York society. Twice that evening her mother had to be supported and even resuscitated, and the day the debutante forgot society for the sick bed. Mrs. Whitney lived just four weeks after this. Then came two-year-old Baby Dorothy's delicate health and the sadness of the Secretary. The trials of the poor girl were drained, and nothing but the long journey to Egypt restored her. Here she met young Mr. Paget, and—"what might have been expected" happened.

Among the wedding presents of Miss Whitney may be mentioned her trousseau, which is gorgeous beyond compare. It has been largely made in this country, though an order left in Paris last spring will cause the Secretary to dig deeply into his pocket when duties are paid. Miss Whitney's habitual dress is a black one. She is so very fair that black makes her look like a lily. She wears very stylish gowns, with the big sleeves of fashion, the dainty skirts and the smart fashionable little hats. She is so slender that she looks like a fashion plate, although putting on none of the gaudiness of those who try to set the fashions.

A very handsome dress went home to her from New York this month, and it is shrewdly suspected, for she was immediately photographed in it, that this will be her traveling gown. It is deep blue serge, with fullness of skirt and sleeves. It is lined with rose, and the little hat has pale blue and black in its trimmings. A trifling gown like this, with hat, costs nearly a hundred dollars, but that is little for the girl who has such bountiful riches.

Miss Whitney's wedding journey will be abroad, for she has a quantity of new relatives to visit. She will spend some time with Lady Mary Paget, Mrs. Stevens' daughter, and there are ten or more Paget brothers and sisters to meet. Miss Whitney, being in mourning, has never been regularly photographed in it, but she knows many of the royal family and has been informally received by them. She will have valuable presents from titled ones of royalty.

FROM LADY BEREFOORD.
A very beautiful gift was brought over for her by the Duke of Marlborough. Those who have seen it say that in her selection

their domestic virtues—but wiser sisters. My experience of them confirmed my previous opinion, that women would do well to rest satisfied with the influence that they already exercise over men and not weaken it by joining in the rough and tumble of elections.

The Reason.
Ho—Why do girls like to be engaged so often and marry so seldom?
She—Why, they get a diamond ring for each engagement and only a gold ring for marriage.—Truth.

count. This is a pretty frank return to the Darwinian principle of selection.

Every one in America knows all about Mrs. McFall, who calls herself "Sarah Grand," and about Mrs. Mannington Caffyn who, as "Tola," wrote "The Yellow Aster." Neither woman has any literary standing here; neither, I think, is as much read as in America, and neither is any longer "new," so rapidly do fashions in plain speaking change. Mrs. Caffyn is utterly forgotten, a woman of one book; Mrs. McFall is once more the subject of gossip from the report that she is collaborating with George Moore in the production

of a play. That play should be a hettolite of realism—more to furnish the material, Sarah the shrieks.

Mr. Moore is to work with Mrs. McFall, perhaps, and to marry Mrs. Craigie, the "John Oliver Hubbard" of the title pages, the American woman who recently secured a divorce from her English husband. Mrs. Craigie is the new woman of epigram, her brief books scintillating with Oscar Wildeish paradoxes. Mrs. Craigie is almost beautiful at her best, her pose is that of one who is never in earnest, and her conversation, like her books, has an iceberg glitter. She is one of the ablest of the new writers, and prides herself on never being in earnest over anything less serious than the divorce court.

Most of them are in dead earnest. There is Olive Schreiner, for instance. Maybe the average reader doesn't always know what she means, but she is very much and takes herself seriously. So does her South African husband, who has assumed her last name. "Mrs. and Mr. Olive Schreiner," folks call them in jest.

The racket-like rise and fall of "Tola" is nothing to that of Beatrice Harraden, whose first book was a tremendous hit,

while the second was an equally monstrous failure. There was, indeed, about Miss Harraden's book nothing to offend the fastidious. Perhaps that is why she is forgotten in her California retreat, while writers who tell of a woman with a past instead of a disagreeable man have a more enduring vogue. No such forgetfulness envelops the name of Mrs. Pendered, who is brutally frank at times in her treatment of sex problems.

Every one comes up in London to breathe—Mrs. Schreiner, from South Africa; M. E. Everard Cotes, from India. The latter is the Sara Jeannette Duncan, who wrote for one of the London illustrated papers some years ago, the experiences of American girls in London. Mrs. Cotes has and employs humor, and is not to be classed with the writers of "problem books" at all. But she once did let a serious mood beguile her into describing the career in London journalism of another American girl, a fictitious one, who turned out not so well as she who wrote her history has done. And it was a sad, sad book, with a dim gray, unrelieved tint of the dawn of dismal day. Just such another sad book, but with less of the trail of vulgarity in its characters, Mrs. E. H. Heyworth Dixon's was the life of a newspaper woman. Miss Heyworth Dixon is a fine-looking young woman, with a fair, pure profile, and an inherited trend toward journalism. She is now editing a ladies' magazine and both she and Mrs. Cotes know all about the journalistic life. To be a socialist is indeed one of the fads of the new woman. Sarah Grand calls herself one, though she is not a scientific student of that or any other subject, and I suppose half the younger writers are socialists in theory. Grant Allen, who, though not a new woman himself, has written about "The Woman Who Did," is one of the most radical socialists in Britain, and the cause is extremely fashionable in Bohemia at the moment. Considering the tremendous influence of Bohemia upon Philistia, this is a fact of prophetic importance in British politics. The popularity of socialism among the new women is undoubtedly due to its uncompromising declaration of the sexes.

I have spoken of the speech and manner of Bohemia as more frank than its writings. It is obviously difficult to illustrate this point, but perhaps I may, without claiming Bohemianism myself or commending those who do, tell of a wedding in the artistic rather than of the literary section of Bohemia. Before this occurred the lady, addressing her intended husband on one occasion before an audience by no means few, remarked: "I want you to distinctly understand, Frank, that I am a woman with a past."

"Oh, that's all right," was Frank's ingenious response, "I'm no angel myself!"

Here at last is the long-heralded disappearance of the "double standard" of morality. Whether its disappearance is just this fashion or a thing to praise I wouldn't undertake to say.

There is in London no Bohemia, as the word is understood by outsiders. Conformity has cut its hair, and its habits have abundance to eat, drink and be clothed where-withal. The writers of books and the more fortunate one-tenth in journalism enjoy better incomes than in America, though the high private in journalism does not.

Many women who write daring books are neither in nor of Bohemia, but are quiet, homestayng bodies, blessed with all the domestic virtues and facilities. Many who write daring books are neither in nor of Bohemia, but are quiet, homestayng bodies, blessed with all the domestic virtues and facilities. Many who write daring books are neither in nor of Bohemia, but are quiet, homestayng bodies, blessed with all the domestic virtues and facilities.

It would be easy, after all, to take the new woman in literature too seriously. With the new century we may see a new deal of the cards, the dust flying before a new broom. And we may not.

Regrets.
Where art thou now, sweet love of yesterday?

How oft I wonder what has been his fate; Alas, dear heart's desire, to my dismay, I realized thy greatness too late.

I loved thee then; methinks I love thee now; Perchance 'tis but the memory of our past, The lips pressed close to mine, the